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BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

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turned.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 251

## AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—Opera  
Bouffe.—LA FILLE DE MADAME ANTOINE.OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston  
and Bleeker streets.—MIRRO.THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—Variety  
Entertainment.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near  
Broadway.—FUN IN A FOG—MILKY WHITE.NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and  
Houston sts.—THE BLACK CROOK.GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Eighth av. and Twenty-third  
st.—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.BOOTH'S THEATRE, Sixth av. and Twenty-third st.—  
RIP VAN WINKLE.METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 536 Broadway.—Variety  
Entertainment.ROBERTS THEATRE, Bowery.—THE SHEEP STEALER—  
MAKED FOR LOVE.WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—  
DICK, THE CHEVALIER. Afternoon and Evening.WALLACE'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth  
street.—COLLEGE BAYS.BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner  
6th av.—NIGRO MINSTRELS, &c.ROBINSON HALL, Sixteenth street.—THE ROYAL  
MAJESTIES. Matinee at 3.CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—SUMMER NIGHTS' CON-  
CERTS.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, No. 618 Broad-  
way.—SCIENCE AND ART.DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 638 Broadway.—SCIENCE  
AND ART.

## TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Monday, Sept. 8, 1873.

## THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the  
Herald."CESARISM AND GRANT: GRANT AND HIS  
WAR CHARACTER: HOW THE TIME HAS  
AFFECTED IT"—LEADING EDITORIAL  
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ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION—FOURTH PAGE.DISASTROUS FIRE AT HAVANA! \$5,000,000  
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GERMANY'S OCCUPATION! THE EVACUA-  
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ARDS ON THE BORDERS OF THE REPUB-  
LICAN CAMP! WRETCHED CONDUCT OF  
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AT CLONTARF FAVORS THE PROJECT—SEV-  
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GOSPEL! THE SYMPTOMS AND EFFECTS  
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FARMERS' SOLUTION OF IT! RAILWAYS  
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TO LIFE SERVICE IN A PENAL COLONY!  
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TROL IS DANGEROUS—FOURTH PAGE.THE FINANCIAL SITUATION REVIEWED! A  
CHECKING PROSPECT—REPORT OF THE  
STATISTICAL BUREAU—EIGHTH PAGE.SOJOURNERS AT AND GOSSIP FROM THE WAT-  
ERING PLACES—AID FOR THE SICK  
POOR CHILDREN—THE MISSING BRODE-  
RICK—NINTH PAGE.FIRE IN HAVANA—HEAVY LOSSES OF PROP-  
ERTY AND LIFE.—By telegram from Havana  
we are informed that a square of build-  
ings—the Plaza Vapor—in that city was  
reduced to ashes by fire during the night  
of the 6th inst. The conflagration broke  
out suddenly and almost simultaneously  
in the four corners of the square. It spread  
with great rapidity. The loss of property is  
estimated at \$8,000,000, and it is said that  
twenty persons perished. The scene of alarm  
was exciting and terrible. Parents threw  
their children from the balconies to save them  
from death in the flames. The fire is sup-  
posed to have been the work of incendiaries—  
a very sad reflection for the afflicted  
survivors of the sad visitation.MORE TROUBLE IN MEXICO is indicated by  
the last news from Monterey and Matamoros.  
There appears to be a good deal of excitement  
over the contest for Governor of Nuevo Leon,  
and several chiefs of the revolution of last year  
have congregated at Monterey to show their  
sympathy with the present State government  
of Nuevo Leon, which is opposed to General  
Garcia Ayala, the candidate of the federal  
government. Orders have been given from  
the City of Mexico for troops to be sent to  
Monterey. The actual government of Mexico  
is strong comparatively, but it may not be able  
to prevent the old feuds breaking out again  
between the State and federal authority and  
the rival military chiefs and politicians.Cesarism and Grant—Grant and His  
War Character—How the Time Has  
Affected It.We called attention recently to a manifesta-  
tion of the spirit of Cesarism, as shown in the  
paucity of our statesmen, the absence of high  
capacity and character in public life, the con-  
trast seen between public life and other sta-  
tions, the activity, the genius, the growth in  
literature, business, art and industry, while  
those in authority are meagre and narrow-  
minded, and at times corrupt and unworthy.  
We selected Mr. Colfax as the illustration of  
the age—its ripest fruit—and, in contrasting  
the treatment of Burr by Washington with the  
treatment of Colfax by Grant, we showed how  
the age of simplicity and homely virtues had  
been succeeded by the age of mediocrity and  
false pretence. The inference which came ir-  
resistibly with this discussion was that Cesar-  
ism, which we hold to be the chief danger to  
the Republic, was marching in manifest  
and unchallenged triumph and was to be seen  
in these painful phenomena.Since General Grant came into public life  
we have treated him with universal respect  
and kindness. We favored his nomination to  
the Presidency, his renomination and his re-  
election. When the enemies of his adminis-  
tration assailed him in the Senate on the  
French arms question we defended him with  
all our power—and not without effect, let us  
add—for if Mr. Sumner had succeeded in that  
assault General Grant would not now be  
President. We like General Grant. We like  
him personally—his character and his achieve-  
ments. We would hold his name spotless, as  
a name which, whether stained or white,  
must live on and on in our history. Nor did  
we give heed to the scandals about him, his  
horses, his relatives, his wines, for these are  
the miasmas of the political atmosphere that  
burden it with offence and disease. Nor did  
we expect from him infallibility in his  
office. When he made mistakes we  
felt that the high, genuine, resolute manhood  
behind all would redeem all. When we speak  
of the growth of Cesarism in America we do  
not attribute it to Grant. In fact, we see no  
man in the party who is less to blame than  
Grant. With this view, let us consider the  
personal relations of the President to this  
most important and absorbing question, and  
let us show how it has swept him and his ad-  
ministration into what would seem to be an  
irredeemable position.Remember all the time the history of Gen-  
eral Grant. Before the war life had many  
weary, anxious hours for him. He failed in  
all of his undertakings. Superior to his sur-  
roundings, conscious of higher qualities and  
aims, under bondage to fortune, as Lord  
Bacon would say, by an early marriage and  
a family of children—his life bitter,  
narrow and very dark indeed, and no outlook  
but years of labor that wanted love and effort  
without opportunity. But the hour came.  
From the depths, in one short year he was on  
the summit. The struggling clerk in a Galena  
tannery was the first citizen of the Republic,  
among the foremost men in the world, his  
name written with those the world would not  
willingly let die. In this ascent—which  
might have turned even a Caesar to giddiness  
and ruin—Grant showed a beauty and man-  
liness of character that are not surpassed in  
our history. His modesty, his genuine sim-  
plicity, his utter absence of art and pretence,  
his disdain for the noise and splendor of his  
new station, his magnanimity to Sherman, his  
generosity to Sheridan, his spirited and  
soldierly protection of Lee when it was pro-  
posed to try him for treason, his surpassing  
good sense and patience, his sincerity and  
the good fame of his domestic life, his equani-  
mity under adversity and prosperity, his  
affection for his military family, his devotion  
to his friends and to all who served him—all  
combined to make him one of the most win-  
ning, as he was the most celebrated, character  
in our history. And we said to the world,  
see what manner of man the Republic sum-  
mons to the leadership of her armies and the  
chief magistracy of her States! We know of  
few things more touching and manly than the  
letter written by Grant to his father when he  
began to rise in the war. All he wanted to do  
was to win the country's battles, see peace  
and go home again. Nor is there any letter of  
the kind in our knowledge of history that  
breathes a nobler spirit than his letter to  
Sherman after his promotion to be Lieutenant  
General. Reading these letters one might be  
excused for recalling the men of whom  
Plutarch wrote, and feeling that we had not  
forever lost citizens like Phocion and Aris-  
tides.Great as Grant was and is, he is not superior  
to his time. The time has tainted him as it  
tainted others. Grant has shown himself  
thus far unable to check the tide of Cesarism,  
which rises higher and higher. One of the  
most extraordinary achievements of the in-  
genious and daring G6r6me is a picture of  
Cesar in the Coliseum looking on at the  
gladiators. The spectators' seats are filled  
with much that is beautiful and gaudy and  
attractive in the Empire. A sturdy Dacian  
stands in the arena over his defeated opponent,  
who lies panting and bleeding. It is for the  
multitude to say whether the barbarian  
gladiator should die for the multitude  
unless Cesar should give him life. Men and  
women are on their feet making the signal  
of death, while Cesar, careless of life or  
death—the robes on his shoulders, on his  
brow the laurel crown—eats from a  
dish of figs. The purple has only  
brought this Cesar indifference, indolence and  
sloth. He wants his comfort, let the arena do  
what it pleases. So we fancy the administration  
of Grant to be now. We see in the sup-  
porters of his administration the love of  
wealth and office, a deadening of the moral  
sense, yearning for money and display, an  
absence of those simple, high virtues which  
were so charming in the valiant soldier who  
commanded our armies. The eye does not  
repose on one man who may be called an ex-  
ception. In the Cabinet what do we see?  
Ordinary gentlemen, whose minds, distilled  
to their residuum, would not yield an ounce of  
the genius of Jefferson or Quincy Adams.  
With one exception they were never heard of  
before General Grant called them to his coun-  
cil, and, without exception, will scarcely be  
heard of again—a Cabinet without fertility or  
expression, and which sinks lower and lower  
in the esteem of the country.The love of money pervades all. We see in  
our fashionable journals that among those  
who own cottages at the seaside are the two  
young army officers who served Grant as hisprivate secretaries. A cottage at the seaside  
costs a great amount of money. These young  
men were only officers on limited pay. Of  
course we do them the justice to believe that  
they made their money in an honorable, legiti-  
mate way, by skillful pursuits of business. It  
is not necessary for our argument to take from  
the gutters any stigma of corruption. But is  
it not a painful evidence of the deadening of  
the moral sense when officers in the  
army, on duty with the President, can earn  
money in business? There are stations in  
life where it is almost impossible to draw the  
line between business pursuits that are  
honorable and those that are dishonorable.  
This is why the divine would not deal in  
stocks or a lawyer interest himself in specu-  
lations to which his clients were not friendly,  
why army officers do not speculate in supplies  
and arms. It may be a hardship to accept  
this self-denial, but a man who becomes a  
soldier, a clergyman or even a lawyer must  
make up his mind that life has for him higher  
things than gold. Therefore, without saying  
that one dollar was ever obtained by these  
young officers except in honest business call-  
ings, we are pained to find the Presidential  
mansion an office for business pursuits. It is  
one of those positions where we are afraid it  
is impossible to draw the line between honest  
and dishonest acquirement of money. So Mr.  
Lincoln believed. If his secretaries had been  
disposed to transact business in an honorable  
and legitimate manner they might have built  
palaces on the seashore and lived in gilded  
saloons. But a different view prevailed, and  
one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries now holds a  
modest place on the staff of the Supreme  
Court, while the other earns his bread as a  
writer for a New York journal.At the risk of being accused of discussing  
small and indifferent affairs we allude to this,  
because it is a pregnant indication of the low-  
ness of tone which pervades the administra-  
tion of the honest, valiant and high-minded  
Grant. Is it possible that our Caesar is con-  
tent with his figs, caring nothing for the  
arena? We fear, we fear; and yet the proud,  
mounting hopes with which we welcomed  
Grant to his office and sustained him there  
cannot be abandoned as dreams. Are they  
dreams, shadows only, gone and never to re-  
turn? Or, if not, why is it that, beginning at  
the White House, we find the stream of repub-  
lican patronage and power even muddier and  
more repulsive than the source? At home we  
have an attempt at civil service which ends  
with election day and is destroyed to enable  
Mr. Conkling to transfer a noisy but gallant  
officer to the Surveyorship of the port.  
Louisiana is brought to the brink of civil war  
rather than offend a gentleman whose claim to  
recognition is his connection with the Presi-  
dent's family. Senators and envoys extor-  
tionary establish mining companies and sell  
their shares under the cover of our flag to  
English widows and clergymen. Our com-  
mission to Vienna would be a disgrace to  
Tammany Hall. Mr. Bingham is sent from  
the bar of that public opinion which con-  
demned him as a party to fraud upon the  
country to represent America in Japan, while  
Mr. Colfax carries into private life a certificate  
from the President that it is not inconsistent  
with his views of probity to admit that he was  
paid money as a Congressman by a public  
contractor for government supplies.This, to our mind, is the most painful  
phase of Cesarism as assumed; for, if we are  
compelled to abandon Grant, what remains?  
And what must we think of these indications  
of public apathy and the deadening of the  
moral sense when we see them in the White  
House and in every branch of the public  
service? What can we think when we see  
Cesar caring more for his figs than for the  
circumstances around him? Can we marvel  
that there is so strong a sentiment for his re-  
election—a sentiment that comes from that  
controlling human motive, the self-interest of  
those in power? When office brings wealth;  
when fortunes enough for seaside display are  
amassed at the very side of the President;  
when men may take the bribes of railway con-  
tractors and receive honors from Grant,  
amid the universal condemnation of the peo-  
ple, what answer can we make? We have no  
answer; nothing but a hope, which is faint  
and lingering, that Cesar may weary of his  
figs and show himself worthy of the love and  
esteem which America gave him as she gave  
no other man in her history since Washington.THE CABINET CRISIS AND ARMY COM-  
MISSIONS IN SPAIN.—Telegrams from Madrid  
announce that the Cabinet crisis, which was  
induced by the resignation of President  
Salmeron, had not terminated yesterday  
morning. The Cortes remained in continuous  
session from Saturday. Se6or Castelar's elec-  
tion to the chief office of administrative power  
was regarded as certain. His platform of  
government was canvassed earnestly by the  
public. It was regarded as highly probable  
that Castelar would appoint Espartaco  
Generissimo of the armies of Spain; Ser-  
rano—who has journeyed to Madrid from  
France—Commander-in-Chief of the forces  
operating against the Carlists in the North,  
and General Concha Captain General of Cata-  
lonia. These commissions, if made, will be  
pretty much in the old style of Spanish War  
Office routine. But the questions remain—Will  
they be made? Will Castelar's Cabinet idea  
become a reality? This morning the special  
HERALD correspondent describes the military  
promenade of Don Carlos, his swearing  
fidelity to the *Fueros* under a convenient oak,  
which now supplies the place of the old tree  
under which Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1476,  
took that solemn oath demanded by tradi-  
tionary Spain; the disposition and evolutions  
of the 20,000,000 warriors who have banded  
themselves together to fight for a personal  
government, and the old, old story—the im-  
becility of the republican chieftains.THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION IN CALI-  
FORNIA, judging from the returns of the dif-  
ferent districts up to the present time, shows  
that the independent party have been success-  
ful. It is thought now that Governor Booth,  
who is the representative man of the inde-  
pendents, will be chosen United States Sena-  
tor in place of Mr. Casserly, whose term will  
expire in March, 1875. But as Mr. Casserly has  
been as earnestly opposed to railroad mono-  
poly as Booth and the independents are, and,  
in fact, has acted with them in their fight  
with the Central Pacific Railroad, he may,  
through some arrangement with Governor  
Booth, be re-elected to the Senate. In the  
election of the Legislature the questions at  
issue were the railroad monopoly and theUnited States Senatorship. Both the repub-  
lican and democratic parties having been  
mixed up to some extent with the Central  
Pacific Ring and monopoly, the republicans  
particularly being odious on that account, the  
people of California have repudiated these old  
parties. In the success of the new indepen-  
dent and anti-monopoly party of that State  
we see the commencement of a revolution in  
the politics and political issues of the  
country.The Rowing at Saratoga—Will the  
College Races Be There Next Year?The recent college regatta was fraught with  
suggestions which other places than Spring-  
field may well enough heed; for it must occur  
to any town in Eastern New York or Southern  
New England which has near it a broad  
stretch of lake or river that that reach of  
water can be made the means not only of a  
capital advertisement, but of bringing, among  
other good things, an income, within less than  
forty-eight hours, of some twenty thousand  
dollars or more—an "item" which even a well-  
grown city need not lightly overlook. This  
year especially presents such an opportunity,  
for the manifest unfairness of the course  
recently rowed on the Connecticut—an un-  
fairness which has impressed itself on more  
than one other university besides Cornell—  
renders it simply imperative that they who  
have in charge the selection of the course for  
next year's meeting settle upon some other  
water. If the choice be made this fall advan-  
tage can be taken of the winter's ice in staking  
off and getting ready the course, while  
proper committees can be appointed and  
trained to look to each detail of what is  
rapidly becoming an event of national inter-  
est, thus avoiding the shameful bungling so  
fresh in the public mind. The arrangements  
for this contest could in many ways be made  
on a far more liberal scale than heretofore,  
and the recipients of the income named would  
quickly lend their aid. Why should not every  
rower and boat and oar be taken to and fro  
entirely without charge? And, indeed, it  
might be no mistake to reduce the rates for  
the spectators as well. To be sure, one large  
item of expense has been well done away  
with—namely, that of the professional trainer.  
But boats and boat houses alone tell visibly on  
the exchequer of most students, and many of  
the late contestants, for instance, would grate-  
fully appreciate the saving thus suggested.Then, again, in finding for each party suit-  
able quarters, protection for their boats,  
proper rafts and many other conveniences  
which quickly suggest themselves to any row-  
ing man, competent committees might do  
much, and do it far better than the students—  
strangers to the neighborhood—to make it  
easy for the latter to come back again.Already one town, with commendable enter-  
prise, has gone vigorously to work; and  
although its rowing course has before this  
proved an excellent one, when the chosen  
professional oarsmen of two continents  
selected it for their sharpest contest, still its  
citizens are determined not to lose the present  
opportunity, if they can help it. On Thurs-  
day and Friday next, on Saratoga Lake, there  
are to be races for the various sorts of out-  
rigger boats, open to all who come fairly under  
the title amateur oarsmen as recently defined.  
Beautiful and very costly prizes have been for  
some time past on exhibition at Tiffany's; the  
entries are now closed, and from the number  
and quality of them there should, with favor-  
able weather and proper management, be some  
good racing. New York and Pennsylvania,  
New Jersey and Michigan, Ohio, the District  
of Columbia and the Dominion of Canada  
are all to be represented, and in one of the  
races, the single scull, there are expected to  
start no less than fourteen boats, while seven  
four-oared outriggers will probably back up to  
the line together.A delegation from the projectors of these  
races waited on the Regatta Committee, it will  
be remembered, at Springfield, detailing the  
numerous advantages of Saratoga Lake, and  
eager to learn how they might prevail on the  
students to come there next summer. We are  
not aware what encouragement was held out  
in return, but the meeting of next week is  
evidently meant to set out anew the good  
points of their course in their most favorable  
light.But, while they have accomplished so much,  
they must not expect a result nearly so  
brilliant now as the college races would make.  
In the first place, the contestants, although  
so numerous, and many of them coming so  
far, have not been watched and described by  
the press to one-tenth part of the extent  
that the men who represented those eleven  
seats of learning were. This is owing, per-  
haps, to the greater amount of interesting  
news now crowding out what would have  
proved welcome enough in the dearth existing  
then. But it is due mainly to the fact that  
every year makes more plain—namely, that  
there is but one rowing race in this country  
each year about which the public generally  
care, and that is the college race. Perhaps no  
better interests are represented in it than will  
be at Saratoga next week, but it stands for a  
larger constituency, and falls at a time of  
the year when its constituents can and do come  
almost in a body. And this brings us to the  
chief point of our remarks, for suppose, as  
we trust will be the fact, that no foul occur  
to mar the pleasures of the coming struggles;  
that no diagonal line bars the swiftest rowers  
from their prize; that the referee has de-  
cent facilities for his arduous task,  
and has daylight enough to distinguish  
the order in which all fourteen scullers, for in-  
stance, come in; that their uniform is varied  
enough to render each easily distinguishable—  
in short, suppose these races prove a complete  
success, and accomplish their main object—  
namely, the bringing that constituency of  
students there next year—will it, on the whole,  
effect a desirable result? We think it ex-  
tremely doubtful. And for one simple reason.  
The students average in age between seven-  
teen and twenty-five. Whatever other views  
they may be well up in, many of them, far  
more proportionally than when two, instead  
of eleven, crews competed, have never been  
thrown where they could easily be allured into  
gambling. To bring them at their age, with  
a more or less bountiful supply of cash  
in their pockets, right up to the door  
of our greatest and most attractive gambling  
house, and that with enough of reckless ones  
sprinkled among them to shame the weaker  
out of their hesitation, is to invite them to a  
step almost as hazardous as that of the father  
who prevails on his son to take his first cup  
of the wine which does inebriate. We haveno squeamish notions about this matter; but  
we appeal to the honest convictions of the  
students whose coming is sought—men who  
are taught to do their own thinking—whether  
this risk had better not be avoided? And the  
way we would suggest for its avoidance is to  
simply remove it. Whether any power exists  
or can be created sufficiently efficacious to  
draw the teeth of the "tiger" during the week  
of the college races we know not. But unless  
there is such power, and unless it is applied,  
it would be better, far better, that the annual  
college gathering never be at Saratoga.From President Grant to Mayor Hav-  
emeyer—A Sketch for Students of Per-  
sonal Government.There must be something very infectious in  
the new grasping after personality in govern-  
ment, which is the ominous sign of the times.  
It may be mere imitiveness that causes the  
lesser to follow the lead of the greater, or it  
may be merely that the greater has first  
divined whither the currents of the age are  
tending, and the lesser discovers later that he  
can profit by the currents also. Thus the  
example of the Emperor Napoleon I. might be  
said to have produced the Emperor Faustin I.  
of Hayti, as well as Napoleon III. of France.  
On the other hand, the impartial historian will  
urge that citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte  
and citizen Souleuvre, each fell in with the  
tendency of republics to be vanquished by  
glitter and imperial purple. What matters it  
that Napoleon ruled the mighty destinies of  
France, and Souleuvre peddled out his duke-  
doms in Hayti? They were both representa-  
tive emperors of the age of *op6ra bouffe*, and  
the French negro had at least the precedence  
in time over the Frenchman, for he mounted  
the throne three years before Napoleon, and  
was kicked out eleven years ahead. By plac-  
ing these two Emperors on a common footing  
we will be thanked by the critical world for a  
new illustration of Cesarism in modern times.  
That Napoleon III. cuts a larger figure in his-  
tory than his colored brother is altogether  
due to the fact that France is bigger  
every way than Hayti, and not, as  
some might suppose, because of Napo-  
leon's superior genius. It could hardly  
be imagined that we should have in our  
mind's eye an American parallel to the big  
Napoleon and the little Souleuvre. But such  
is the lamentable fact. As we have hitherto  
at some length given our reasons for the state-  
ment that President Grant was, to all intents,  
a personal ruler, we need not go over the  
ground again. He, for the nonce, we shall  
call our Napoleon, and we propose to show  
how our respected and venerable Knicker-  
bocker Mayor is Gotham's Souleuvre. We  
fancy that we see the frown on his massive  
brow darkening down over his nose and shad-  
owing his clean-shaven chin as His Honor  
comes across this "odorous comparison." But  
we cannot help it. He is a sturdy old Knick-  
erbocker, phlegmatic and strong-headed, and  
he will, probably, lose sight of the sable em-  
peror in remembering that President Grant  
cannot be accused of gush or vacillation.  
The qualities that tell at the head of the  
Union should not fail at the head of its Em-  
pire City, and so our venerable Knicker-  
bocker Mayor fell an easy prey to his phlegm  
and his strong-headedness before he was a  
month in office. We all know that President  
Grant felt sufficiently grateful at the com-  
mencement of his first term to bestow a  
number of important national offices on his  
personal friends, whom we need not particu-  
larize now; and whether it was imitiveness  
or a coincidence of idiosyncrasies, we find  
that our bold Knickerbocker Mayor proceeded  
to do likewise once he had it in his power.  
We may note also another fact, which is not  
intended for any reflection on the friends of  
great men—namely, that in both cases the  
appointees were stamped with the sign manual  
of mediocrity. The services which President  
Grant recompensed were of a recent date,  
while those which the Mayor rewarded go  
back so far in the century that it does not  
thence seem very far to the time when old  
Gouverneur Stuyvesant mused and munched  
under his pear tree after the Dutch had recapt-  
ured New Amsterdam. There is a constancy  
to friendship in all this which should move  
the sympathetic to tears, no matter how the  
public service may suffer. There are simple-  
minded people, who, thus touched to the  
heart, will believe that the city could afford to  
lose the genius of General McClellan from its  
Dock Commission because it gave this grate-  
ful old Mayor of ours a chance to place one  
of his ancestors in a becoming position.  
This is only one from many instances. He  
loves the antique and serves it, and in this  
age it is well to love anything, whether mum-  
mies from Egypt or fossils of the political  
Ichthyosaurus period. Many of the  
latter owe their reappearance on the  
surface of things to the Mayor's grate-  
ful remembrance. To make his posi-  
tion more like the President's, the charter  
gave him a burlesque Senate in the honorable  
shape of the Honorable the Board of Aldermen.  
In the early days of his new-fledged honors he  
attended this Senate as General Grant went  
through the Wilderness. Phlegm and strong-  
headedness served their turn admirably, and  
for a time all went well with him. Grim  
and ancient, he made the Board tremble  
and give away like a deal scantling  
under the tread of an elephant. He made  
Police Commissioners, Dock Commis-  
sioners, Park Commissioners and Excise Com-  
missioners at his sweet will, and looked as  
tranquil as a clam at dead water the while.  
Then came the Police Justices, and the Board  
resolved to put a bar across his wild career.  
They made their "combination," with its lean  
but sufficing majority of one, and stopped his  
onset at all points. Now, we cannot  
strengthen our parallel more than by asking  
what would General Grant have said under the  
circumstances? He would have said, quietly,  
"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes  
all summer." His Honor the Mayor, when  
he heard how matters stood—that is, stock-  
still—solemnly proposed to continue the fight  
on the same line if it took him to Doomsday.  
As he has lived for so many ages there seems  
no strong reason why he should not have a  
chance to fight until the Valley of Jehoshaphat  
holds its great mass meeting, unless victory  
falls to him in the interim. If the terms of  
office all round lasted as long as the occupants  
lived we should not, indeed, be at all sur-  
prised if the Mayor grimly proposed to wait  
until the present majority of the Board went  
the way of all flesh. It might be considered  
by the Aldermen an insult, from many pointsof view, to the Board's intelligence if we com-  
pared it with the Senate of the United States,  
under the hand of President Grant. We  
have seen Senator Sumner degraded and read  
out of his party, and we have seen Carl  
Schurz vote with the opposition. These were  
triumphs for the administration of the kind  
that lackeys are wont to admire, for the  
victims of displeasure were injured and in-  
sulted, and no bones broken in return. It is  
odd, therefore, that Mayor Havemeyer should  
have managed to estrange republicans from him  
in his short career, and probably in the same  
way that the Senators were forced away from  
President Grant. As it happened the Presi-  
dent could spare Sumner and Schurz and the  
rest, though they cost him St. Domingo; but it  
is doubtful whether their ability to cramp him  
permanently would have changed the determi-  
nation to squeeze them through the rails of  
the party fence. So our worthy Mayor, we  
have no doubt, will baste neither jot nor tittle  
in his ten-barrelled demand upon the Alder-  
men to surrender at discretion. We cannot  
follow him into the small details of his fights  
and his appointments, but phlegm, strong-  
headedness and gratitude pervade them all.  
These are the main characteristics, however,  
of the typical personal power of the day. In  
the microcosm of New York we can better  
trace how these qualities are calculated to suc-  
ceed than on the wider stage of the nation.  
If Souleuvre found his Dukes de Marmalade  
and De Lemonade and his monopolies only  
hurried him out of Hayti in the end, perhaps  
phlegm, strong-headedness, gratefulness and  
mediocrity of following may end no better for  
our worthy Knickerbocker Mayor. It would  
be premature to prophesy how Mr. Havemeyer  
will close his political career, and, a fortiori,  
it would be folly to speak of the future fortune  
reserved for our respected President whom the  
Mayor happens in many points to resemble.  
It suggests the query, Is this class of man the  
result of all our reforming?Levelling the Lorgnette—The Coup  
d'6eil of the Operatic and Salvini  
Seasons.That flutter in the amusement air which  
presages a musical and dramatic storm. The  
final engagements have been signed, the  
ultimate proposals have been made and ac-  
cused to or rejected, as the case may be, the  
advertisements have been printed, the placards  
are ubiquitous, the libretti are publishing, and  
through the early September lull steal the stir  
and rustle of a long-expected event. Let us  
try to believe that the impresari who appeal  
to us have been unwontedly industrious dur-  
ing the summer of which the golden bowl has  
just been broken. To pique public taste and  
then to satisfy it are not such easy feats as may  
at first appear. Each of the gentlemen who  
during the pending season intend offering a  
strong attraction has had experience which  
should qualify him for the task. It is not for  
us to compare the relative risks and predict tri-  
umph for this one or failure for that. All that  
we are concerned with is whether the attrac-  
tion in each case is as strong as the claims  
put forward by the manager represent it to be.  
In one or two instances the decision imposes  
no burden; in the remainder it is not so easy.  
It requires little discernment, for example,  
to foretell that an artist who was greatly and  
deservedly popular here a season or two ago,  
and who has had every opportunity since of  
perfecting her method and deepening her  
culture, will resume her old sway the moment  
she steps before an audience not one of whom  
forgets her. This is Mme. Nilsson's prerogative.  
We all remember the charm of her first  
season among us, the enchantment of her second.  
Her concert season in the United  
States was but a stay to public appetite, bid-  
ding it content itself awhile until the full  
operatic repast was spread. We all remember  
what were those fascinations which secured  
her an exceptional rank as a lyric artist—the  
purity which lifted a *r6le* like Violetta beyond  
its voluptuous level, and preserved to one  
like Mignon the artlessness and intensity  
native to its temperament. It was natural to  
expect that the vicissitudes of years, by en-  
riching the experience of the artist, would  
provide her with more valuable material for  
those sub-creative processes which an original  
individualization may be said to employ. It  
was inevitable that those who admired her  
intelligently should look forward to the time  
when the creative powers of her genius should  
have acquired stronger impulses and exercise  
themselves upon a wider variety of themes.  
That time has now arrived. The more pas-  
sionate experiences of a maturer womanhood,  
when used to serve a well-defined artistic  
purpose, never fail to give additional strength  
and decision to the vague virginal touch. The  
outlines of the artist's impersonations are at  
once more delicate, more distinct, less capable  
of being mistaken; the inspiration takes  
exacter shape, flowing into a more perfect  
mould, and the deeper personal experiences  
of the woman lend a richer and subtler poetic  
color to a gradually widening circle of ideals.Work commensurate with these expecta-  
tions is what the public has a right to ask of  
Mme. Nilsson; and if a corresponding ad-  
vance is offered by M. Capoul, and if Signor  
Campanini justifies the reputation which two  
seasons in London have conferred upon him,  
the season of the Messrs. Strakosch at the  
Academy of Music can scarcely fail to rank  
among the most memorable in America. The  
hour has not yet arrived for establishing any  
comparison between